Por. I pray you tarry, pauſe a day or two
Before you hazard: for in chooſing wrong
I looſe your company, therefore forbeare a while,
There's ſomething tels me (but it is not loue)
I would not loſe you, and you know your ſelfe,
Hate counſels not in ſuch a quality.
But leaſt you ſhould not vnderſtand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought,
I would detaine you heere ſome moneth or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to chooſe right, but I am then forſworne,
So will I neuer be, ſo may you miſſe me,
But if you do, you'l make me wiſh a ſinne,
That I had bene forſworne. Beſhrew your eyes,
They haue ore-lookt me, and diuided me,
One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,
Mine owne I would ſay; but if mine then yours,
And ſo all yours. O theſe naughty times
Puts barres betweene the owners and their rights.
And ſo though yours, not yours (proue it ſo)
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I ſpeake too long, but tis to peize the time,
To eck it, and to drawv out in length,
To ſtay you from election.

Baſſ. Let me chooſe,
For as I am, I liue vpon the racke.

Por. Vpon the racke *Baſſanio*, then confeſſe
What treaſon there is mingled vvith your loue.

Baſſ. None but that vgly treaſon of miſtruſt,
Which makes me feare th'inioying of my loue,
There may as well be amity and life
Tweene ſnow and fire, as treaſon and my loue.

Por. I but I feare you ſpeake vpon the racke,
Where men enforced do ſpeake any thing.

Baſſ. Promiſe me life, and ile confeſſe the truth,

Por. Well then, confeſſe and liue.

Baſſ.